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Colorado Springs
1914

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ARNOLD, MATTHEW

Behold, my friends, perhaps for the last
time,
A worthy person now almost forgotten;
Whom not to hear, when he was in his
prime,
One had to run, or stuff one's ears with
cotton.

24747 Lindberg 100

BENNETT, ARNOLD

In Squeedunk or in Piccadilly,
  This is his message to his brothers:
That everyone is rather silly,
  But some are sillier than others.

ARNOLD BENNETT

CHESTERTON, GILBERT K.

If I must change with anyone,
I'll change with G. K. Chesterton.
He's fat and sleek, with lots of side,
And perfectly self-satisfied.
The pen *is* mightier than the sabre—
Without the slightest thought or labor
(Judged by internal evidence)
He gains a generous competence.

DOSTOIEFFSKY, FEODOR

Poor Dostoieffsky—may his tribe grow
fewer—
Lived at the bottom of a muddy sewer;
And though his stories may not please us
—(faugh!)—
Still they contain what Dostoieffsky saw.

EMPEROR WILLIAM

The German Empire's eagle shall not
moult
While William is its father and its
mother:
His one hand brandishes a thunder-bolt,
The while he spanks the Crown Prince
with the other.

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

Another king is Ferdinand the Bulgar,
But, *entre nous,* he is considered vulgar.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN

Hail Galsworthy, who does not bounce
and bother;
He is a very gentlemanly author.

HEARN, LAFCADIO

Lafcadio was born in Greece;
  His father Irish, Greek his mother.
These two could never live in peace,
  And soon got rid of one another.

Lafcadio survived the fight,
  And just as soon as he could toddle,
He took his pen in hand to write
  The most excruciating twaddle.

He kept this up throughout his life,
  Till he was ready for embalming,
(Though married to a colored wife)
  And everybody said, "How chahming!"

INGERSOLL, ROBERT

There was an atheist named Ingersoll;
And people used to rush with one accord
And listen breathless in a crowded hall
While Ingersoll picked quarrels with the Lord.

Poor Ingersoll would get as mad as hops
At any deity you chose to mention;
The audience enjoyed his shrieks and flops,
But his Opponent payed him small attention.

JAMES, HENRY

James is the king of analytic fiction,
Pre-eminent, and now, *le roi s'amuse;*
His novels with their crystal-mazy diction
Allure, intrigue, infiltrate, and confuse,
And addle every dilettante head—
But people will not read them when he's dead.

KIPLING, RUDYARD

If I was Kipling I would not
Dabble in transcendental rot;
I would not try to put my hand
To things I did not understand;
I'd only write, if I was him,
Things like The Jungle Books and Kim.

And I admit it well may be
That he would do things differently
From what I do, if he was me.

LANG, ANDREW

Well-educated Andrew Lang
Borrowed a Grecian lyre and sang;
Thanks to the language Andrew speaks,
I like him better than the Greeks.

MME. MONTESSORI
AND
HER METHOD

MONTESSORI, MME. MARIA

Bad children all, give honor, praise, and
glory
To kindly Mrs. Mary Montessori,
Who holds, with other amiable cranks,
That thanks can always take the place of
spanks.

NIETZSCHE

This was a German Pessimist of note,
Whom no one reads, but lots of people
quote.

OMAR

St. Paul in heaven said to Omar Khayyam,
"Your candied creed's received from Nome to Siam:
'Do as you like and damn the consequences'—
No wonder you're more popular than I am."

PANKHURST, MRS. EMMELINE

We owe a debt of gratitude
To Mrs. Pankhurst and her brood,
Who proved, what was in doubt till then,
That women are as bad as men;
Which brings us to the Q. E. D.—
They ought to vote, the same as we.

QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.

Oh, let no man besmirch or smooch
The name of A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Oh, speak it not in manner gruff—
The name itself is bad enough.

ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D.

A powerful odor has John D.
Of kerosene and sanctity:
Whether he's praying now or preying,
I hope he won't resent my saying—
(While he's alive it's not unseemly)—
That I object to him extremely.

G. BERNARD SHAW
AND
THE PUBLIC

SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD

He who has entertained a pet baboon,
Or taken up a calf in a balloon,
Or held a captive eel upon a raft,
Or indiscreetly gone to church and laughed,
Or whose wife takes him to a cabaret,
That men will understand me when I say
I view with mixed uneasiness and awe
The personality of Bernard Shaw.

TAGORE, RABINDRANATH

Anyone named Rabindranath Tagore
  Has a head-start, as everybody knows;
And if, in hours of tedium and bore,
  He scribbles off some poetry or prose,
Though utterly jejune and pretty-pretty,
People will think it beautiful and witty.

UNDERWOOD, OSCAR

The fame of Oscar Underwood
I would not fray it if I could;
The game of Oscar Underwood
I could not play it if I would.

VAN DYKE, HENRY

I am the celebrated H. Van Dyke,
Who set the honey bee on the Beatitudes,
Whom all the goody-goody people like,
Who never wrote a single thing but platitudes.
The silliest old maid of forty-nine
Need never blush at any words of mine.

WELLS, H. G.

Personally, I don't like H. G. Wells,
But oh my child, he sells, he sells, he sells.

X

With your permission, I'll omit this letter;
As A. N. Marquis does, I think I'd better.

W. B. YEATS
AND
THE CELTIC MOVEMENT

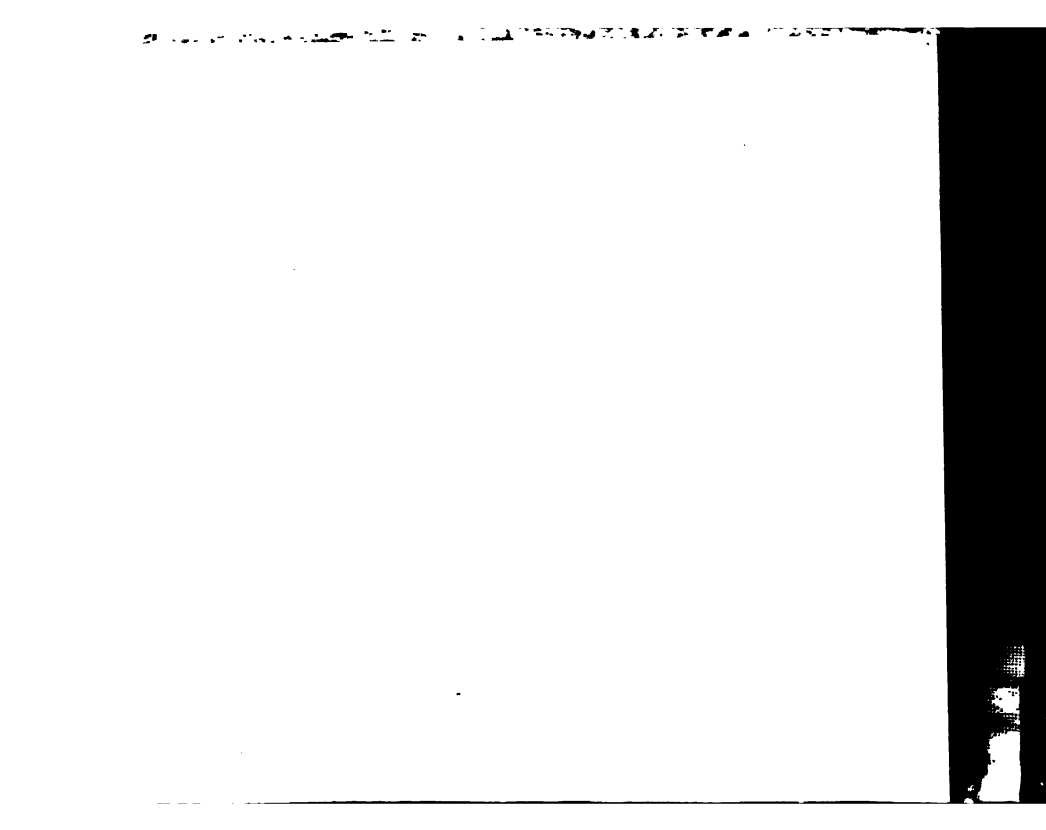
YEATS, W. B.

Oh, judge not Yeats, or make the judgment light,
  Because his stuff is meaningless and queer.
If one must write, and knows not what to write,
  One must, perforce, fall back on atmosphere.

Let him who never wrote a song of Spring,
  Apostrophized the workings of the Fates,
Nor made of nothing a portentous thing,
  Cast the first stone at William Butler Yeats.

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL

Zangwill has lately dropped his pen to
choose
A more idealistic job, and finer:
He wants to lead some dozen million Jews
Back to a few square miles of Asia
Minor.
I don't believe I'll follow Izzy Zangwill,
But let us hope the Zionistic gang will.



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